

THE MINSTREL

REDEEMER UNIVERSITY COLLEGE WINTER 2012



Untitled
Kimberly Musselman

Lest to Thy Peril Thou Aby it Dear
Jonathan Silverthorn

The Road is Difficult, Few Ever Find It
Kimberly Musselman

Untitled
Jonathan Silverthorn

May Flowers
Reagan Butler

Raindrops
Reagan Butler

August 15th
Reagan Butler

Embers
Laura Heming

Time
Reagan Butler

Lipstick and Brandy
Joshua Hillebrandt



Cover by Jenna Bos
Editor Tara Joy Ubbens
Assistant Editor Christy Schaefer



table of contents

Colourful Leaves
Alexander Hamilton

139
Amelia Bowes

Chair and Coffee Pot
Kimberly Musselman

All that Glitters
Jocelyn Mulock

If I were a miner
Geo Roome

Every Poet's Poem About a Butter fly
Jonathan Silverthorn

Annalise
Joshua Hillebrandt

Untitled
Rebecca Vink

Bread and Grapes
Rebecca Vink

Inward Glance
Joshua Hillebrandt

Flowers of the Field
Reagan Butler

Untitled
Kimberly Musselman



lest to thy peril thou aby it dear.
Jonathan Silverthorn

Look where thy love comes.
My movie-making mind moulds for my present
a reel that draws unreal,
an impossible still impassible film
of a future, fed through flame
too small to light my eye,
too transparent to be my heart's desire.
What I long and which I need are Capulet and Montague,
forever entangled in the space of opposition:
drawn to long but known to need.
That fisted spirit beating in my chest
will ache for which it yearns, but in love
with the women of the world
I know it dances on the thread of wrongful wishing.
"The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want"
what will ever engage
my mind with making movies
of a "true love" kind, indefinite to reality.
Yonder is thy dear.





The Road is Difficult, Few Ever Find It
Kimberly Musselman

Dear Me,

This is not what you asked for. This is nothing like the work you expected. If awful were to be manifested in simple language, this would be it. Or is it already? Can a word hold its own meaning? If so, what use is Webster? If not, what use is the relatively short string of character that it is? "Who's on first?" That's right. "Who's on first?" That's what I'm asking you. I'm not asking, I'm telling you. It's all fun and games until someone dives head first into the deep end, then realizes they were wrong. You can't dive in, you go off. Then people start using their bodies in awkward ways, and you are called crazy. You were the embodiment of awful. You asked questions. You gave your own answers. You were loud.

This is not what you are looking for. You will find no reaction to your demands, no resolve to act in your mysteries. We are sixes, not sevens, nor can we ever be both. To be human is to be imperfect, left to lie there by the apt priest, left to die there by the Levite of flawlessness, yet brought home by the one they together ridicule. Knock knock. Your knight in shining armour is not here. He is out there. He is searching for you while you dabble at this door, the one the world is willing to answer. When you are lost you need not find. You will be found.

This is not what you need to hear. If it is, then you should go no further. Stop in your muddy tracks and turn them on their side. Let them live their own lives. Let those tracks go on without you. You will not move. You will blow your weenie whistle and let the dogs come running. What will happen when they find you? If you are weak then you will shame them. If you are strong then you are strong. For thine is the courtship, the love and the wonder, forever and ever.

This is not what you asked for. This is more.

There is no end to your struggle, just as there is no beginning to its power over you. But there is purpose for your conscience, just as there is source to its rationality. Foundations go the longest way in erecting structure. Let your conscience be your guide? Let its foundation be your life. Build on the rock and you will not be swept away. Build on the giver of strength so that you may boast in your weakness. "C'est la vie," not "C'est une vie." Forge not your own sword amidst the battle, but use that which was given to you before the war. Look around you. You know what you are looking for. These words are not enough.

Jonathan Silverthorn





May Flowers
Reagan Butler





Raindrops
Reagan Butler



August 15th
Reagan Butler

Ordinary day
the asphalt sizzled
the sun shone down
evening slowly approached

Four of us, in the forest green Ford
air conditioning easing the heat
talk of bathing suits, seat-belts
and the end of summer

It was an ordinary day.

Eyes trace from
floor-ridden flip flops
to left window and cloudless sky
to the grey car

Absent-minded Toyota
barrelled through pleading red
Flipping once, twice,
careening, weightless

Eyes wide, flashes of life,
flip flops and ordinary day
hurtling through the gaping hole
once a deceptively heavy door

Roller-coaster ride seized,
unpredictable beginning and end
aware of insignificance, missed opportunities,
distilled friendships, silent apologies

All I knew
my hidden treasures lay around
comfort, security, safety
shards of glass on hot pavement

Thousands of thoughts froze
the officer reported
we should not have survived
we should not be alive

A fireman picked through broken glass
to rescue my sandals
An ordinary day changed my life
I realized where real treasure lies.

Embers
Laura Heming

Meet me on the top of the state tower, I have something to give you.
It must not be placed under the dullness of a cloth,
Or packed away in oak boxes.
It must lay perfectly in the rawness of your palms, as you pass through bitter elements.
And yes, you can pass through the plains of Prince Edward Island,
Run with diligence through the streets of Mumbai
Swim through the streams of Sydney, beloved.
Pick of the clovers of Dublin, and fill your lungs with the air of Tallinn.
Rest in the warm sands of Oludeniz,
But let this tinder leave its embers, within the streets of each of these.
Let your footsteps be filled with ashes
Of the curiosity you've ignited.
I assure you, The winds of the windy city will sway you
The cobble stones in the streets of Kilarney will fail to be even
And trip you will, and scrape your knee.
The waters of the Atlantic will tend to swallow,
And you will find yourself choking on air, lost in blue.
But meet me here again one day,
when my voice pulls you back my way, and bring me back the lantern I've ignited
As it burns brighter than before.
You may come to me with your bruises and your brokenness
Your battered heart and your utter confusion.
The soot that covers your face tells me that you are what I have always called you,
You are more than a conqueror.



We think we've got it chained
We think we have it bound
We want to control it
We wear it around.

We base our lives upon it
Every second, minute, hour
We don't realize that
It's not within our power.

It's not ours to take
It's not ours to give
It's not ours to claim
It's a gift we live.

To everything that breathes
it's limited and measured
To everything that lives
it's a temporary treasure.

Time
Reagan Butler





Scarlet lips like cherries on a cold winter day. The graceful scorn of one perfectly arched eyebrow. The flutter of eyelashes, eerily reminiscent of the death throes of a butterfly. She could rule me out by a single movement of her face. I loved her and loathed her. Such extreme emotions can easily overwhelm one's heart and mind so that he becomes unable to control his actions. I know I certainly couldn't. Yet how I desperately wanted to. I wanted to be the man that she desired. Oh, she told me how I failed at fulfilling her desires. She would never let me forget my failures. That would be showing mercy.

Often I would refer to her, when my lips were loosed in the presence of my fellow men, as cold, frigid, black ice on a winter pond. She was like an icicle, sharp and deadly, attached by delicate glue to the eves, ready to fall and impale on the slightest agitation. But no one really understood. They would ask crude questions, such as to our love life. I would blush and drown out the questions with another draught of beer. But the questions would linger in my mind in the dark hours of the night when I would lie alone in my bed. She was there too, but I couldn't touch her. I never could touch her, unless she wanted it. I would lie alone, in my silk sheets, alone, hugging myself in the cold hours of the early mornings.

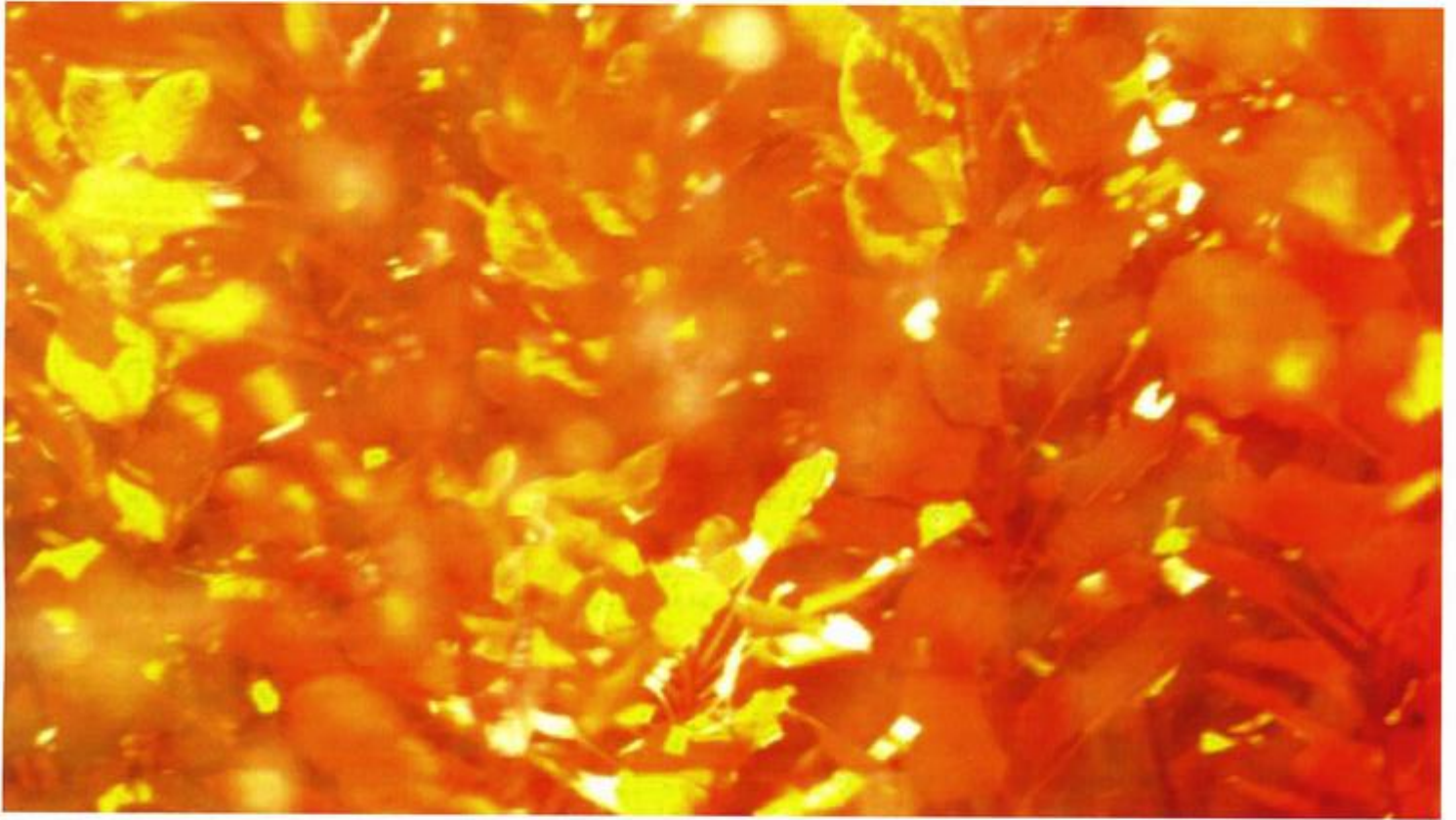
People would have thought that we were perfect and we certainly looked the part. King and queen in silken robes and diamond rings, sweeping through the parties as glamorous as the stars themselves. We were the envy of the rich, the cream of the elite. Smiles fixed, downing back glasses of champagne and scotch. Champagne for her, scotch for me. She frowned on my scotch, would rather that I sip champagne like her, but I wasn't like her. I liked my scotch, the stronger the better. Numb the pain if you will. Not that it would last, but we all have our vices. At least that's what I tell myself. And when the sun rises on the fog of night what does it matter?

We live by night; shun the day, like vampires in a grisly tale of passion. Flesh and silk, entwined on a bed of black roses, lit by a hungry fire. Softly, in the aftermath of our havoc, she will touch my face. Kiss my lips and whisper that I'm her treasure. Her special gem in a house of gold. Nothing more than a treasure to be taken out and admired when boredom strikes.

She collects treasures. Hides them away in her bosom till they are broken. Am I broken yet? In the mirror I am perfect. But the mirror lies, tells us only what we have already heard. In the mirror, the reflections of a whiskey glass in the amber light smeared by a touch of lipstick on the rim. Lipstick stains everything, lips, cheeks, neck, chest, all the way down. Can't wash away the stains. It suits her, the stains. She stains everything, taking possession of all she touches. Her treasures, stained by the kisses of her lecherous mouth. I am her treasure, or so she tells me.

One day it was over. Life changes people, she said, with falsely beaded eyes. I will always be her treasure. One last kiss, tasting of wine and brandy. A shrug of slender shoulders through her fur stole, a whispered goodbye. Then she's out on the rain-drenched streets sliding into a taxi, the slit on her dress showing a creamy thigh.

Now the house is empty. I take a final taste of scotch, swallow it down. Pull on a silken jacket, leather shoes. The door clicks behind me; I'm homeless on the street. After all I was her treasure. And now I'm not.



Colourful Leaves
Alexander Hamilton

Towels, clothes, shampoo filled the waiting hiking pack. It was the first thing he'd seen in the closet that day.

5: You are all around me on every side, You protect me with Your power

Sometimes it was nice, even peaceful, if the irony can be spared. After all they had to listen to the story of that time he quit the service, and praised anything she put together in art therapy because it was supposed to reflect her "inner feelings". That was it; the ironic part. A condition that is classified by one's emotions, and she felt nothing, knew nothing.

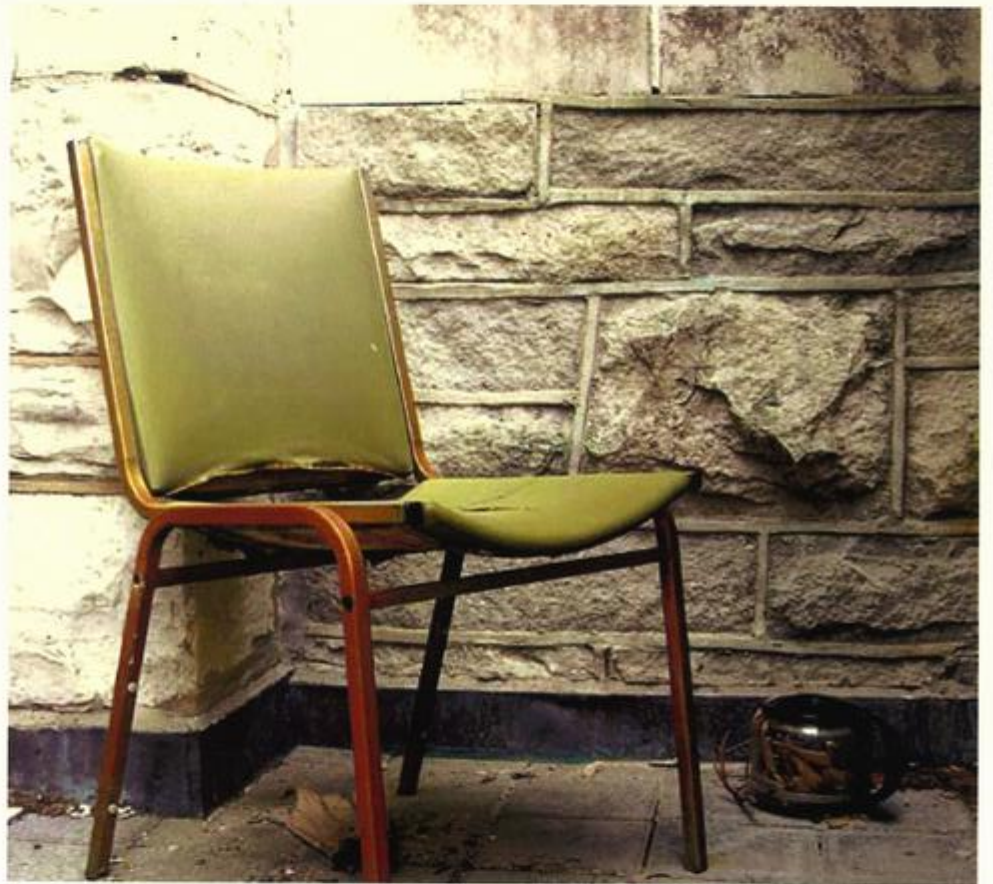
2: You know everything I do, from far away You understand all my thoughts

The poet in her appreciated the way her mother almost absent-mindedly placed it on her pillow before leaving. Like the cliché of having a small spark of hope during the darkest of trials. Now it was only a book of fairy tales, but nonetheless an alternative to Jell-O and antiseptic. But even fairy tales can help you remember. One night the pillows were soft again, and her paintings began to have explanations.

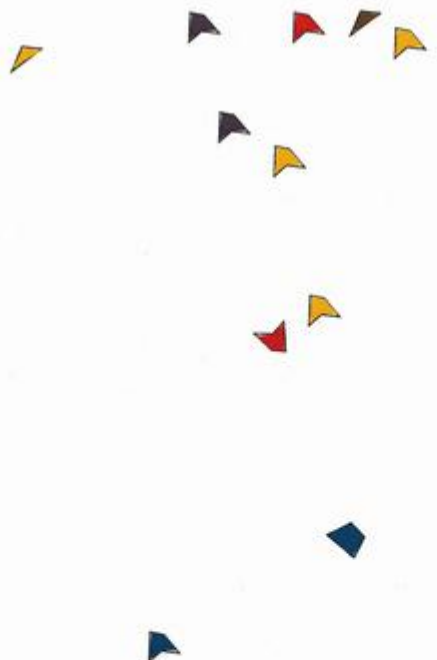
12: Even the darkness is not dark to You; the night is as the day, for darkness is as light to You

She zipped up the pack and straightened the sheets one last time. Popping the child proof seal, she thought about mistaken redemption, and how her husband probably hadn't had roast chicken in a while.

23-24: Search me God, and know my heart; test me and know my anxious thoughts. See if there is any offensive way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.



Chair and Coffee Pot
Kimberly Musselman

A decorative graphic consisting of several small, colorful triangles (yellow, red, blue, and black) arranged in a scattered pattern in the upper right quadrant of the page.

If I were a miner
Geo Roome

If I were a miner
I would mine for your heart
I would find me a rhythm
I'd get a good start
I wouldn't dig rubies
Or sapphires or coal
I would dig right on past
To find out your soul
If I were a miner
I'd turn on my light
I'd keep it a glowin'
To dig through the night
And though the dark noises
Be terrible, and cold
I would hold my pick tighter
And pray to be bold
If I were a miner
I'd find you in France
Unearth you in Ireland
And perhaps by chance
I'd wash your face clean
With fresh ocean tide
Or follow you down deep
To the place where you hide

I am no miner
I live in the sun
But I'd still dig for you anyway
till the digging's done.



All that Glitters
Jocelyn Mulock



All that glitters is not gold,
Cars break down and toys get old.
The best things in life aren't things at all,
Glory fades and empires fall.
What would you give to keep what you've got?
Would losing it all put you in a tough spot?
Do you have deep love for those around you?
One you can always count on to talk to?
Will what matters today count tomorrow
Will it bring peace, or just cause you sorrow?
Is it "thy will," or is it what you want?
Is surrender true, or only a taunt?
Will you be able to accept His gift
In all circumstances, in praise, hands lift?
The sparkles of this life are but fleeting
Never stay to chat, just for the meeting.
Set your sights on gifts from above,
And always treasure the power of love.

Every Poet's Poem About a Butter fly
Jonathan Silverthorn

How this butter's fly doth burrow in my chest.
I once ate a fly
by mistake
because it was sitting on the butter I buttered to my toast.
The moments fluttered by
as "Shut up or die" played on in my daydream
of actuality.
A swallow
followed by a crow storm of a robin's belly laugh
swooped in to follow the hollow
empty chewing of my sauced up daily grain.
Staying slain on my plate
were the testifying crumbs of DNA
pointing to the high tide
of my crime against flymanity.

When say I "once," mean I thrice
have eaten tiny pilots in just such a way.

These three who failed to flee
haunt my insides still.
I feel these buttered flies
deep down where food and drink divide
if ever I am shy and so avert mine eye
downward
away from the truth.





Annalise
Joshua Hillebrandt

As the rooster crows,
The egg breaks,
And the yellow yoke stands
alone.

Untitled
Rebecca Vink


Bread and Grapes
Rebecca Vink

They told me where to go –
on that train to that place.
But on the way I stop.
There was the boy –
my good friend from ten years
ago. I remembered
The accident left him
blinded – – alone.
You walked by, not learning
his past – the reason why.
Not knowing where to go –
I took his hand –
Gave him some bread and took
his bag. They told me “stop”.
I let go of his hand
Returned his bag
and stepped onto that train.

They told me where to go –
on that train – very back.
But on the way I stop.
A little girl –
I did not recognize
sat still while looking out
the window. Despondent –
Crying – alone.
You walked by, not learning
her past – the reason why.
Her face covered in tears.
I held her close –
Gave her some grapes – the train
Started to move closer
to that place. We stepped out
They told me left
But her to go right.

He never got on that train
She never entered that place.
But they tell me my efforts
Were not in vain
As we eat bread and grapes
All together.

Inward Glance
Joshua Hillebrandt



There he stands, one leg extended like some sort of model. He brushes back his striped bangs with thin fingers, feminine, weak. He's so skinny, drawn tight, as if someone stretched him when he was young. He's nervous, staring into the crowd with large eyes, always glimmering with tears, like he's on the verge of tears. There something off about him. No matter how he acts, he's always just a little bit creepy. He hardly ever truly smiles, just stretches his large red lips into some sort of facial contortions. It never hits his eyes. They are always sad, puppy dog eyes begging for attention. His teeth are crooked, yellowed. His face is covered in imperfections. Awkwardly standing alone, never really fitting in, head tilted to one side. He wears his heart on his sleeve, grasping it in both hands, shoving it in people's faces, screaming for someone to care.

Can't he see that we don't want to? Can't he see that we don't want to be a part of his life? We all sense that something is off with him. It's odd. Just slightly off, like he doesn't really belong here in this place. The rest of us are normal, but he's not. We can't put our finger on it but it's always there. Lingering behind his volatile face. Careful. Don't want to say the wrong thing. Never know what reaction you will get.

Not that we hate him, not that we think he's gross, ugly. If you get to know him you can see past his odd exterior, to a big heart, witty humour. But inside are secrets, dark shadows that emerge every so often.

Now he's left, walking away, alone again. His earphones are in; he's lip-synching heavily to his music. Probably some of that girly pop music he's so found of. He walks funny, one leg right in front of the other, like a girl. Just so odd. We shake our head and realize we've been staring.

But what we don't know, is how every morning he looks in the mirror and tells himself that he is loved. Every day he has to convince himself of his worth. Just to keep going. And every day we condemn him with a glance. Because we are afraid.



Flowers of the Field
Reagan Butler



